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PARISH MUSINGS

RIVINGTONS

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PARISH MUSINGS

NOV 20 1871

OR

Devotional Poems

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BY JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

RURAL DEAN, AND RECTOR OF S. NICHOLAS, GUILDFORD

RIVINGTONS

London, Oxford, and Cambridge

1871

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Preface

THE following pages contain literally what they profess—Parish Musings ;—Hymns, not the result of retired and contemplative study, but the unpremeditated aspirations and utterances of the heart of one engaged in the active scenes of Parish labour ;—suggested by the incidents or feelings of each passing day,—composed on foot or on horseback,—in storm or sunshine,—by the way-side or on the hill-top,—in the country meadow, or the busy street,—by day or by night,—wherever duty called, and whenever the spirit caught, from without or within, subject-matter for serious conversation with Heaven.

In most cases they have sprung from the con-

sciousness of wants and weaknesses found within the Writer's own breast,—when a giddy hour, an angry word, a wandering spirit, a cold heart, a failing faith, made him feel bitterly his own shortcomings, and long for more constant and real communion with Christ.

The only merit they claim is, that they are practical, not theoretical ; not the cold musings of the head of one at ease ; but the warm gushings of the heart of one, toiling himself, and striving to lead others amid the dust and conflict of the journey of life.

As such they are now collected, to edify, to encourage, to comfort. They seek—not man's praise, but his profit,—to help, not to amuse him,—to give the utterance of another's experience to what, no doubt, often struggles voiceless within his own bosom : and thus to promote closer communing with his heart—closer communion with his God.

That some of these his "Parish Musings" (published in earlier years) have been thus blest to many of God's people, in both life and death, has been to the Writer the truest encouragement and reward. And it is in the sincere hope that they, with others (the growth of more maturity of soul), may continue to do God's work in an humble way, that this little volume is now put forth.—Not (as HE knoweth, to Whom it is offered, and from Whom it hath been derived) for the Writer's honour, but for the AUTHOR'S glory.

RAMOAN RECTORY ;
Ascension Day, 1850.

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Christian Life

*“I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day;
the night cometh, when no man can work.”—JOHN ix. 4*

CHRISTIAN life's no bank of roses
Where we idly sit and sing,
Till the gathering evening closes,—
Christian life's an earnest thing.

Full of vows and full of labour,
All our days fresh duties bring,
First to God, and then our neighbour,—
Christian life's an earnest thing.

Onward—ever onward pressing,
Yet untired as Angel's wing,

Loving, lab'ring, blest, and blessing,—
Christian life's an earnest thing.

On its wayside none may linger
Undisturb'd by sorrow's sting,
Or by judgment's warning finger,—
Christian life's an earnest thing.

Wake then, Christian, from thy slumber,
Evening doth its shadows bring ;
Few the hours thy day may number,—
Christian life's an earnest thing.

The Life of Light

“There is sprung up a light for the righteous; and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.”—Ps. xcvi. 11

O IT is a weary life
 Full of toils and dangers,
 Full of sorrows, full of strife,
 We in it but strangers;
 O it is a world of woe!
 Why should we so love it?
 And prefer life's cares below
 To life's joys above it?

Yet from care we might be free
 As the sunshine o'er us,
 And the path of life might be
 Ever bright before us,

If we could but look beyond
Life, to that life yonder,
If the hearts, of earth so fond,
Could of heaven grow fonder.

Then 'twould be a life of light,
Nothing then could grieve us,
Nothing then could pain or blight
Trouble or deceive us ;
Then—what care or grief befall
Come but as God pleases,
We would live above them all,
We would live in Jesus.

No ! 'tis not a weary life
Tho' it hath its dangers,
If we wage the Holy strife,
If we live as strangers ;

It is not a world of woe
If we do not love it,
But a training heaven below
For the Heav'n above it.

Prayer

“Lord, teach us to pray.”—LUKE xi. 1

WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
 Our wand’ring spirits stray,
 And thoughts and lips move heavily,—
 “Lord, teach us how to pray !”

Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
 Too poor to turn away,
 Our only voice—Thy Spirit’s groan—
 “Lord, teach us how to pray !”

We know not how to seek Thy face
 Unless Thou lead the way ;
 We have no words, unless Thy grace
 “Lord, teach us how to pray !”

Here every thought and fond desire

We on Thine altar lay,

And when our souls have caught Thy fire,

“Lord, teach us how to pray!”

Faith

“Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief.”—MARK ix. 21

YES ! I do feel, my God, that I am Thine !
 Thou art my joy—myself mine only grief,
 Hear my complaint low bending at Thy shrine—
 “Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

Unworthy even to approach so near,
 My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf ;
 Yet O forgive ! I doubt not, tho’ I fear,
 “Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

True, I am weak and worthless, Lord, but then
 I know the source whence I can draw relief ;
 And, tho’ repulsed, I still can plead again
 “Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief !”

O draw me nearer ! for too far away

The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief,

While faith, tho' fainting, still hath strength to pray—

“ Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief ! ”

“God with us”

“And they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.”—MATT. i. 23

SWEET sacred Name, that like a spell
 Rests round this heart,—Emmanuel !
 Watchword of peace, and sign of love,
 ’Twixt man below, and God above ;
 Best blessing of redemption, thus
 To be assured of “God with us !”

“God with us” in our hour of need,
 “God with us,” His own blood to plead,
 “God with us,” as our guide and stay,
 To hear, to answer when we pray,
 And make us feel, what joy ’tis thus
 To be assured of “God with us.”

Let hell combine, and men oppose,
 Angels or Devils prove our foes,
 Heights, Principalities, or Powers
 Seek to despoil this hope of ours,—
 They cannot, dare not harm, while thus
 We feel assured of “God with us.”

Lord, draw us near, that we may be
 For ever walking close with Thee ;
 That we may live as in Thy sight,
 And love Thee as our chief delight,
 And, taught by faith, may ever thus
 Retain Thee as a “God with us !”

Lent

“I have meat to eat that ye know not of.”—JOHN iv. 32

SAD, solemn season ! meet for thought and prayer,
 And calm seclusion ; yet not loved the less,
 If, fasting with my Saviour, I may share
 His feast of duty in the wilderness.

Lone—yet not lonely, if my Lord be nigh,
 Sad—yet not joyless, if He deign to bless,
 Fasting—yet feasting, if His grace supply
 All that is wanting in earth's emptiness :

A guest of Jesus,—where, tho' mortal eye
 Can neither table, bread, nor Host perceive ;

Yet, for the soul which—Heaven taught—doth believe,

Faith with its finer senses can descry,

Dropt from the heavens, drawn from the waters still—

My meat and drink to do my Father's will !

“Soon and for Ever”

A DYING CHRISTIAN'S LAST WORDS

“*The time is short.*”—I COR. vii. 29

“SOON and for ever,”

Such Promise our trust,
Tho' ashes to ashes,

And dust unto dust :

“Soon and for ever”

Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee ;
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more ;

Where Life cannot fail,
 And where Death cannot sever,
 Christians with Christ shall be
 “Soon and for ever.”

“Soon and for ever”
 The breaking of day
 Shall drive all the night-clouds
 Of sorrow away :

“Soon and for ever”
 We'll see as we're seen,
 And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been :
 When fightings without us,
 And fears from within,
 Shall weary no more
 In the warfare with sin ;
 Where fears and where tears
 And where Death shall be—never

Christians with Christ shall be

“Soon and for ever.”

“Soon and for ever”

The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplish'd,
The victory won :

“Soon and for ever”

The Soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near ;
When (blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be
“Soon and for ever !”

Trust

“My soul followeth hard after Thee.”—Ps. lxiii. 8

GIVE me, O Lord, whate'er my lot may be,
A heart to look to, and to lean on Thee ;
Teach me the thing that pleaseth Thee to do,
And make my life to my profession true.

Let me, my Saviour, on Thy breast recline,
Thy words my comfort, my devotion Thine ;
My life's best joy Thy promises to prove,—
Trust in Thy Truth, and triumph in Thy Love.

Love

“ Walk in love.”—EPH. v. 2

LORD, give me grace, that I may be
Thine—with such soul-sincerity—
That wheresoe'er my steps may move
My first last thought may be—Thy love.

Lord, let my morn and evening prayer
Be in Thy strength, and for Thy care ;
That neither day nor night be past
So as to grieve me at the last.

But while I watch and pray, lest sin
Surprise my soul and enter in
To rob me of my present joy,
And all my hopes of Heaven destroy—

Let my first fear be, lest I grieve
The grace that taught me to believe ;
Let my last care be, not to prove
Ungrateful for Thy saving Love.

Onward

————— “*Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*”—PHIL. iii. 13, 14

CHRISTIAN, arise, and onward haste,
Dwell not upon the gloomy past ;
Let not the mist of useless tears,
Shed over early doubts and fears,
Shadow the heart, or dim the eye,
That should look beamingly on High.

Let it suffice thee to have giv'n
So many years away from Heav'n,
And let the remnant of thy days
Be all one life of prayer and praise,

Too little for that glorious God,
Who bought thee with His precious blood.

Why should'st thou weep, when Jesus died
Joy in believing to provide ?
Say, seems it well, to those who know
Nought of religion but thy woe,
That thy redeemèd heart and voice
Thus sorrow, when they should rejoice ?

Heir of a throne and crown above,
Child of eternal grace and love,
Lift up thine heart, lift up thine eyes,
Press forward to the heavenly prize,
And leave thy doubts and fears to those
Who dare not upon Christ repose !

Then onward, Christian—onward haste,
Dwell not upon the gloomy past ;

Let not the mist of useless tears,
Shed over early doubts and fears,
* Shadow the heart, or dim the eye,
That should look beamingly on High !

Homeless

*“ The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests,
but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”*—MATT.
viii. 20

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,—
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves—to slumber on the voiceless deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm
To hush all senses, and all sounds to sleep :

The wild deer hath his lair,
The homeward flocks—the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy laden rest ;
 To bid the sinner live,
 And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,
 Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread ?
 Peace—purchased by the blood
 Of Him who had not where to lay His head ?

I—who once made Him grieve,
 I—who once bid His gentle spirit mourn,
 Whose hand essay'd to weave
 For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn:—

O why should I have peace ?
 Why?—but for that unchanged, undying love,
 Which would not—could not cease,
 Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes !—but for pardoning grace,
 I feel I never should in glory see
 The brightness of that Face,
 Which once was pale and agonized for me !

Let the birds seek their nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
 Come, Saviour, in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head !

Come ! give me rest, and take
 The only rest on earth Thou lov'st,—within
 A heart, that for Thy sake
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

Gethsemane

“ Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane.”—MATT. xvi. 36

WOULD’ST thou learn the depth of sin,
 All its bitterness and pain,
 What it cost thy God to win
 Sinners to Himself again?
 Come, poor sinner, come with me,
 Visit sad Gethsemanè.

Would’st thou know Christ’s wondrous love?
 Seek it not beside the throne,
 List not angels’ praise above,
 Come, and hear the heavy groan
 Uttered by thy God for thee,
 Sinner—in Gethsemanè.

When His tears and bloody sweat,

When His passion, and His prayer.

When His pangs on Olivet

Wake within thee thoughts of care,—

Think what tender love for thee

Drew Him to Gethsemanè !

Hate the sin that cost so dear,

Love the God that loved thee so,

Weep, but weeping watch and fear

Lest that fountain freshly flow,

That so freely once for thee

Gush'd in sad Gethsemanè.

Peace

“ But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.”—ISA. lvii. 20, 21

SWOLLEN as the troubled sea
 Lord I feel this heart to be ;
 Restless on account of sin,
 Lord there is no peace within.

Till 'Thou bid its passions cease
 Lord it never can have peace ;
 Ne'er can change its wicked will,
 Till Thou whisper “ Peace, be still !”

Every idle hope begone,
 Speaking peace when there is none ;

None but Jesus, none but He
Peace can ever speak to me.

Till I feel my sins removed,
And,—assur'd that I am loved,—
Lean upon my Saviour's breast,
I can never think of rest.

Holiness

“ Ye shall be holy, for I am holy.”—LEV. xi. 41

GUIDE me ever, Lord, I pray,
Guide me most this holy day ;
Guard me ever with Thy blessing,
Guard me most when Thee confessing ;
What I cannot give Thee, take—
This poor heart, for Jesus' sake !

Holy every day should be,
Holiest that I give to Thee ;
Holy every thought and feeling,
Holiest when before Thee kneeling ;
Holy art Thou,—holy make
This poor heart—for Jesus' sake !

When my voice to Thee I raise,
Let my soul ascend in praise;
When my knee is bent before Thee,
Let my bended heart adore Thee;
Thou art holy,—Father make
Sinners such—for Jesus' sake!

Holy art Thou, glorious God,
Holy is Thy bright abode,
Holy are the saints, who round Thee
Praise the grace by which they found Thee;
Holy Father, stoop to make
Sinners such—for Jesus' sake!

Hidden Good

“Who knoweth what is good for man?”—ECCLES. vi. 12

“WHO knoweth what is good for man”

In this vain life below?

Who for himself dare plot and plan,

And measure out life's little span

With certainty, as if he can

Tell what will come or go?

The very things we most desire,

Most importunately crave,

Granted—might only feed the fire

Of Passion's lust, and raise it higher,

Until both life and joy expire

In an untimely grave.

Or we may live to feel 'twas best
That God denied our prayer ;
And tried and proved, till we confest
That winds and waves which broke our rest,
And toss'd us to our Saviour's breast,
Our truest blessings were.

Alas ! to-morrow—how it seems
To cheat us of to-day !
The fond enthusiast idly deems
Those projects, passions, plans, and schemes,
Which people Life's uneasy dreams,
Will for his coming stay.

But let another evening set,
Another morning rise ;
To-morrow will its pledge forget,
When it becomes to-day,—nor let

Its dupe know aught but vain regret,
And so he lives and dies.

Lord, let me cast all thought of care
For worldly things on Thee ;
Thankful that Thou such weight wilt bear
For one, who has small time to spare
For aught, but holy strife and prayer
Thine evermore to be.

The Battle Won

“ I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.”—2 TIM. iv. 7, 8

My task is o'er, my work is done,
 And spent the weary day,
 I've fought the fight, the battle won,
 And soon must haste away ;
 Henceforth there is laid up for me
 A crown, thro' all eternity !

A crown by Hands eternal wove,
 Meet for a child of God,
 Gem'd with the jewels of His love,
 And purchased with His blood ;
 Which human hands could ne'er have wrought,
 And human merit ne'er have bought.

Farewell, the cross, 'neath which so long
I've watch'd, and wept below,
And welcome now the harp and song
That wait me where I go,
Yet O ! that cross must still be dear,
My strength thro' many a sorrow here !

And oft throughout eternity,
'Mid all that's bright and blest,
Its victory my joy shall be,
And I will love it best ;
For 'twas through Him who died thereon,
My fight was fought, my battle won !

Our Sun and Shield

“For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.”—Ps. lxxxiv. 11, 12

My Sun 'mid darkness, death and gloom,
 My Shield 'gainst storm and heat,
 God of my life,—the God in whom
 Both grace and glory meet;
 Be Thou my guide and guard below,
 My blessedness above,
 And breathe o'er this cold heart the glow
 And gladness of Thy love.

When wand'ring—weary and opprest—
 Shine o'er my pathless way,

When life beams brightest, seems most blest,—

Ward off joy's noontide ray ;

My failing, falt'ring footsteps tend

With fresh supplies of grace,

And be my glory at the end

To see Thee face to face.

O Lord of hosts, how blest is he

Who in Thy strength confides,

Whose soul reposes trustingly

On all Thy grace provides ;

Who never fears, nor doubts Thy love,

Assured,—when Thou art nigh,

That what Thy wisdom may approve,

Thy love will ne'er deny !

Holy Violence

“ I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”—GEN.

xxxii. 26

I WILL not, cannot let Thee go !
 My God, why dost Thou try me so,
 As thus to seem about to leave
 A soul Thou never lov'dst to grieve?
 Ah no ! tho' many cares and griefs oppress me,
 “ I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me !”

I feel, my God, that I have caught
 The Arm that I so long have sought ;
 And tho' 'tis strong,—yet that will be
 My joy, when 'tis outstretch'd for me ;
 And therefore now,—tho' struggling, it distress me,
 “ I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me !”

I've toil'd thro' all the weary night,
And, if I hold till morning's light,
I know Thou'lt be constrainèd, Lord,
To yield to Thine own pleaded word,
And more than conqueror thro' grace confess me;
“I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”

'Tis hard to hold Thee, Lord,—but O !
'Twere harder still to let Thee go !
And lose Thy gift of Joy divine,
Just when about to call it mine !
Ah no ! tho' many cares and griefs distress me,
“I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me !”

Peaceful Warriors

“ We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.”—

ROM. viii. 37

RISE sons of Zion—peaceful warriors rise !
 This is no time of ease for soldiers true,
 But battles must be fought, and victories
 Be won for Him, who fought and bled for you.
 The ark and Israel dwell in tents ;—who yields,
 Or lingers, when the gospel trumpet sounds,
 Where God’s hosts campèd in the open fields,
 Trim their watch-fires, and tread their holy rounds !
 Talk not of weakness ;—who is strong unless
 God’s Arm uphold him, and God’s Spirit bless ?
 Fear not disorder ;—where should soldiers be
 But where the faithful strive for mastery ?
 Dread not the din,—the toil,—the tug of war,
 Christ makes His servant more than conqueror !

The Pure Life

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”—

MATT. v. 8

My soul, would'st thou behold thy God,
 Would'st thou for ever be
 There, where thy sight can bear His light
 Thro' all eternity?

Would'st thou arise to those pure skies
 Where no sin-clouds obscure,
 And there abide, with Him who died?
 Thou must, my heart, be pure!

Thy pride must be abasèd,
 Thy passions must lie still,
 Each wand'ring thought be captive brought
 To God's most holy will:

All He doth love thou must approve,
All He appoints endure,
And every day keep sin away,
Would'st thou, my heart, be pure !

Yet who can check the strivings
Of sin in thee my soul,
What mortal power watch every hour,
Each rising wish control ;
What tears or pains can cleanse thy stains,
What vows thy sickness cure,
From sin release, vouchsafe thee peace,
And make and keep thee pure ?

Thank God there is a Fountain
To wash in, and be clean ;
A Life within, to cleanse from sin,
And all that self hath been :

In that dear Life, dare ev'ry strife
To make thy calling sure ;
Watch, work, and pray, from day to day,
And God will keep thee pure.

Home Fears

“ While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept : for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live ? ”—2 SAM. xii. 22.

“ O Almighty God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death ; look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of Thy mercy upon this child, now lying upon the bed of sickness. ”—VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Now all is done, that love and care
 And skilful kindness could suggest,
 And He who hears our anxious prayer
 Will answer as His love deems best :
 O that both hopes and fears were still,
 Waiting on His mysterious will !

And yet both hopes and fears will crowd
 Around that bright and precious child,
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,
 Till this distracted heart grows wild :
O might they all give place to one
Heart-filling prayer, “ God’s will be done !”

Sometimes a dream of what may be
 Comes like soft sunshine o’er this heart,
I hear his prattle at my knee,
 Feel his warm cheek near mine, and start
To find it—ah ! so cold and pale,
That Hope (and well-nigh Faith) doth fail.

And then again the dream returns—
 Childhood and youth are safely o’er,
His eye with manhood’s ardour burns,
 Fears hover round his path no more :

Hopes, with their buds and blossoms, all
Burst where his bounding footsteps fall.

He seems to speak—with anxious ear

My very heart waits breathless by,

His lips are parted—and I hear—

My precious babe—thy restless cry !

No heart to hope, no faith to pray,

Dies with that cry my dream away.

Come then, my God, and take the place

Of these distracting hopes and fears,

Stablish this trembling heart with grace,

Dry with Thine hand these falling tears,

And teach me to confide to Thee,

The treasure Thou could'st trust with me.

Happy, if rescued from the strait

Of being call'd on to decide,

Here with submissive soul I wait

By Thy decision to abide ;

Life—with its blessings, and its pain,—

Or death—with its “To die is gain.”

Early Rest

“But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”—2 SAM. xii. 23

Why dost thou weep? say, can it be
Because for ever blest—and free
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain,
Thy babe shall never weep again,
Shall never feel, shall never know
E'en half thy little load of woe?

What was thy prayer, when his first smile
Did thy young mother-heart beguile?
When his first cry was in thine ear,
And on thy cheek his first warm tear,
And to thy heart at first were prest
The throbblings of his little breast?

What was thy prayer? canst thou not now
See in his bright cherubic brow,
Hear in his soft seraphic strain,
So full of joy, so free from pain,
An answer (as if God did speak)
To all thy love had dared to seek?

Why therefore weep, when all the cares,
The doubts, the troubles, and the snares,
The threatening clouds, the falling tears,
Childhood's wild hopes, and manhood's fears,
That might have been—for him, for thee,—
Have passed away and ne'er shall be?

No thorns of earth have pierced his feet,
No bitter tempests round him beat,
No rains upon his head descended,
But one soft gush of tears, that blended

With the bright sacramental shower,
And drove him to the heavenly bower.

He scarcely suffer'd, then was crown'd,
Was scarcely lost till he was found,
Had scarcely heaved one mortal sigh,
Then enter'd immortality :
A child of thine—a child of bliss !
Why therefore weep for joy like this ?

Nay rather strive to praise the love
That could so tenderly reprove,
That when it wounded left no sting
Of self-consuming suffering,
But with thy profit, link'd the joy
Of thy beloved and sainted boy.

Baptismal Hymn

“I have lent him to the Lord.”—I SAM. i. 28

GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people see Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near !

Confiding in Thy Truth alone,
Here,—on the steps of Jesu’s throne—
We lay the treasure Thou hast giv’n,
To be received and rear’d for heav’n.

Lent to us for a season,—we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee !

Assured that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed
Warm as these prayers upon his head :
And on his soul the dews of grace
Fresh as these drops upon his face !

Make him, and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefined ;
Possessor here of grace, and love,
Inheritor of heaven above !

An Earnest Heart

“ Teach me to do Thy will: for Thou art my God.”—

Ps. cxliii. 10

GIVE me, O Lord, an earnest heart,
 Anxious to do Thy will,
 Contented with whatever part
 In life 'tis mine to fill.

Fearful of wealth, and worldly pride,
 Glad, if a low degree
 With even sorrow by my side
 Help me to walk with Thee.

Cautious of all the gauds and glow
 By earthly sunshine given,
 Choosing the cloudiest paths below
 So they lead up to Heaven.

God's Love

“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—JOHN iii. 16

My God ! what wondrous love was Thine,
How deep, how boundless, how divine !
That, when Thine erring sheep had stray'd
Thus found them and such ransom paid !

How cold the hearts that do not burn
With zeal to show some faint return
To One, whose love might well require
Each thought, each feeling, each desire !

Lord ! Thou hast not denied Thy Son !
Perfect the glorious work begun,
And give Thy grace,—in mercy give—
That we may both believe and live.

“Follow Me”

“*Take up the cross, and follow me.*”—MARK x. 21

TAKE up thy cross, my soul, nor grieve
 That such thy lot must be,
 For He who this command did leave,
 Said also—“Follow me.”

Take up thy cross,—nor faithless fear
 Lest it o’erwhelm thee,
 Without its weight thou could’st not hear
 His voice say,—“Follow me.”

Take up thy cross, he is unwise
 Who would from it be free,
 Without its pain, thou would’st not rise
 When Christ says,—“Follow me.”

Take up thy cross,—and let thy song
 Whilst thou dost bear it be,
Pain cannot grieve, nor suff'ring wrong,
 While Christ says,—“ Follow me.”

Going On

“ Let us go on unto perfection.”—HEB. vi. 1

WHO is so thoughtless as to say
 To-morrow does not feel to-day,
 And own its mystic power
 To heighten or relieve the pain,
 Swell the eternal loss or gain
 Of every coming hour ?

One word, one look, one thought of sin,
 Utter'd, or glanced, or harbour'd in
 The heart where Christ should reign ;
 Tho' mourn'd and wept, will leave behind

Some moral weakness in the mind,
Upon the soul some stain.

While holy prayers and deeds of faith,
Such as to-day the Christian hath
For love of Jesus done,
Shall—tho' by him forgotten—be
Strength for another victory
Beneath to-morrow's sun.

The things which most mere trifles deem,
A walk, a ride, a book, a dream,
A pain, a laugh, a tear ;
All come with their commission high
To mould man for eternity,
By growth in goodness here.

And they, who own this heavenly law,
Strength from all little things can draw

For great things yet to come :
For holy triumphs, which may prove
Their depth of faith, their height of love,
And fit them for their home.

Silence

“ Their strength is to sit still.”—ISA. xxx. 7

WHEN worldly men, and worldly ways
Provoke thy wicked will,
“ Watch,” for the careless heart betrays,
Be silent, and be still !

When scorn that wounds, and wrong that grieves
Thy bursting bosom fill,
“ Pray,”—for the prayerless heart deceives,—
Be silent, and be still !

Bear all that mortal hate can do,
Its worst may only kill,
His hope is sure whose heart is true,—
Be silent, and be still !

One bitter word, one angry thought
Will haunt thy mem'ry, till
It hurt thee more than him it sought,
Be silent, and be still !

Trust Him to right thee, who can take
Vengeance whene'er He will,
Forget thyself, and for His sake
Be silent, and be still !

“Sons of God”

“As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.”—ROM. viii. 14

UP and be doing,—“sons of God”—arise !
 Proclaim your glorious birthright by your deeds,
 Let the world learn from children of the skies
 How faith can triumph, when the Saviour leads.
 Remember Olivet,—its tears of blood,
 The judgment-hall—its buffetings and scorn,
 And the mild meekness of thine injured God,
 His robe of insult, and His crown of thorn.
 Remember Calvary,—its dying groan,
 Its dying prayers and sacrifice for man,
 Its sufferings His,—its sins, its cause, thine own,
 Then turn to sloth and slumber if you can :
 Sleep—and forget the hope, the heaven that lies
 Beyond earth’s conflicts,—“sons of God” arise !

Church Bells

“Our days on the earth are as a shadow.”—I CHRON.

xxix. 15

SWEET church bell sounding solemnly !

What warnings thou dost give !

The living,—they must surely die,

The dying,—they may live.

Thou to the meditative mind

A memory dost prove,

Of pleasant scenes we leave behind

And solemn scenes above.

Thy voice doth tell of tearfulness,

Of partings, and farewells,—

And yet a chime of cheerfulness

In all its music dwells :

The knell of dying joys it tolls
To dying mortals given,
It rings its welcome peal for souls
Into the gates of Heaven.

We hear thee in the busy mart,
We hear thee in the field,
We hear thee when the human heart
To tenderness doth yield :
When life is fresh, and home is fair,
And young eyes beam around,
Thou comest through the evening air
A profitable sound.

Thou bidst us use the pleasures which
God gives us to enjoy,
As most uncertain treasures, which
A moment may destroy ;

And Christians do not love thee less,
Because thy homeward sigh
Calls them from dreams which seem to bless
To bliss itself on high.

Outward Seeming

“If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?”—Ps. cxxx. 3

WHEN bow'd before Jehovah's throne
 With bended knee and lifted eye,
 My vows I breathe, my sins I own,
 And pour the supplicating sigh ;
 'This is the heaviest thought to me,—
 I am not what I seem to be.

For wand'ring thoughts and wild desires
 Oft lurk beneath that solemn show,
 There—lighting their unhallow'd fires
 Where Love to God alone should glow :
 The meek adorer others see
 Is not what he appears to be.

Yet there are times, when by life's joys

My thoughts—insensibly beguiled—

Will trifle with its empty toys,

And—answering—smile where it hath smiled :

Then, 'tis a gladsome thought to me

I am not what I seem to be.

For 'neath that laugh of thoughtless mirth

There lives a deeply serious soul,

And impulses of heavenly birth,

Which look and long for Heaven's control ;

The giddy thing that others see

Is not what he appears to be.

Lord, make me in Thy sight sincere,

From heartless prayer my soul protect,

And, when the eyes of men are near,

Make me more humbly circumspect ;—

Seeming—as one who lives with Thee,

And being—what I seem to be.

First Love

“ O that I were as in months past.”—JOB xxix. 2

O ! FOR the warmth of other days,
 The fervour and the fire
 That breathed through every song of praise,
 And kindled each desire !
 That gave that depth of holy love
 To the still voice of prayer,
 When first it wing'd its way above
 To plead a Saviour there !

O ! for that love,—so deep, so true,—
 That first young love of heav'n,
 That fill'd this soul when first it knew
 Its sins were all forgiv'n !

When first it felt the saving power
Of Christ's atoning blood,
And in that hope-reviving hour
Gave itself up to God !

But colder now,—more careless grown—
This heart seems hard or dead,
The love once felt is now unknown,
The faith once fervent—fled !
While even He whose dawning ray
Of love such comfort brought,
'Mid blessings of a perfect day
Is now almost forgot.

Time was when prayer was a delight,
And precious was the word,
To muse therein both day and night,
And commune with the Lord !

But now, a privilege no more,
 'Tis duty only moves !
 Because I fear Him I adore,—
 And not because He loves !

O ! for the warmth of other days !—
 And yet how vain must be
 Such wishes, Lord, unless my ways
 With Thy commands agree !
 For love must die, and joy must cease
 When man forgets his God,
 And paths of pleasantness and peace
 The careless never trod.

Lord, make this heart more purely Thine,
 And such fond love supply
 'Mid feeling's premature decline
 That faith may never die !

So shall each careless, cold desire
Once more devoutly burn,
And all the fervour and the fire
Of Heav'n's first love return.

Fear

“ Walking in the fear of the Lord.”—ACTS ix. 31

FEAR !—sure, Lord, a sinner must
Often fear while he is dust,
While he owns a heart within
Full of earthliness and sin.

Never let my spirit be
In such false security,
As to walk, while wand’ring here,
Amid sin without a fear !

’Tis not that I doubt my God
Or the power of His blood,
That His love could ever leave me,
Or His truth could e’er deceive me !—

'Tis not that I fear His pow'r
Failing in the darkest hour,
Or that death or hell could ever
Me from my Redeemer sever !

But lest I should grieve His grace,
And lest He should hide His face,
And my heart then wand'ring go
Where 'twould lose its Heav'n below.

Lord, I'm weak but Thou art strong,
Faint, but Thou shalt be my song,
Weak and faint, but when I fear
I'll remember Thou art near.

For the closer I have trod
Daily with Thee, O my God,
Well I know, I've found within
Less of fear,—since less of sin.

Therefore though my trust, O Lord !
Rests upon Thy faithful word,
And no shade of doubt could make
Me suppose Thou would'st forsake ;—

Never let my spirit be
In such false security,
As to walk, while wand'ring here,
Amid sin without a fear !

Wisdom

*“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom.”—Ps. xc. 12*

So teach me, Lord, to number
 The moments as they fly,—
 So teach me, Lord, to Thee to live
 That I to Thee may die ;
 That all my powers, all my praise
 To Thee may first be giv'n,
 And all my talents, all my days
 Be consecrate to Heav'n !

Make me remember Whose I am,
 And Whom I ought to serve,
 How much of mercy I receive,
 How little I deserve !

Unite my heart, O Lord ! to fear
 And reverence Thy Name,
 And let my life each passing year
 Thy faithfulness proclaim.

Less than the least,—the least of all
 The mercies shown to me,
 Unworthy—but through Christ—to bend
 A worshipper to Thee ;
 Without Thy grace I cannot give
 To Heav'n one contrite sigh,
 Without Thee, Lord, I could not live,
 Without Thee dare not die !

Then be my Guard, my Guide through life,
 In death my firmest Friend,
 My Strength along the rugged way,
 My Glory at the end !

And teach me so to number, Lord,
The moments as they fly,
That I may live upon Thy word,
And in Thy faith may die.

Easter Hymn

“The Lord is risen indeed.”—LUKE xxxiv. 34

THIS day the Lord is risen
Our light and life to be,
And the grave's gloomy prison
Is burst, and we are free !
Death may not hold us longer
Than till His voice shall call,
'Tis strong—but Christ is stronger,
For He is Lord of all !

He gave His life to buy us
From sin and death and pain,
With blessings to supply us
He took that life again :

And now He waits in glory
To meet His own above,
Come, sinners, sing the story
Of His redeeming love.

His precious blood—the payment—
Salvation He hath won,
Come, put the seamless raiment
Of His redemption on :
And when this world deceiving
Distracts you with its strife,—
O come to Christ believing,
Come that ye may have life !

How sweet the path of duty
When, walking with the Lord,
We see Christ in His beauty,
And live upon His word !

Earth hath no scene of sadness
This hope could fail to cheer,
Nor one bright hour of gladness
It would not make more dear.

This day the Lord is risen
Our light and life to be,
And the grave's gloomy prison
Is burst,—and we are free !
Death may not hold us longer
Than till His voice shall call,
'Tis strong—but Christ is stronger,
For He is Lord of all !

Sickness

*“ The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing:
Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.”—Ps. xli. 3*

O HOW soft that bed must be
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee !
And that rest—how calm, how sweet—
Where Jesus and the suff’rer meet !

It was the good Physician now
Soothed my cheek and chafed my brow,
Whisp’ring,—as He raised my head,
“ It is I—be not afraid.”

God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from Heav’n Thy dwelling-place !
Hear in mercy and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe and live !

Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest,
Fix my heart, my hopes above,
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love !

Why Restless?

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

— Ps. xlii. 11

WHY restless, why so weary,
 My soul why so cast down?
 Is all around so dreary,
 And hath the cross no crown?
 Where is the God who found thee,
 Who once could make thee glad,
 Are not His arms around thee,
 Then wherefore art thou sad?

O trust the Lord who bought thee,
 O trust the sinner's Friend!
 The wondrous love that sought thee
 Will keep thee to the end!

Will give a glorious morrow
To this thy night of pain,
And make thy dews of sorrow
Like “shining after rain !”

A Wounded Spirit

“A wounded spirit who can bear?”—PROV. xviii. 14

A WOUNDED spirit stung by sin,
 A dark foreboding of distress,
 A conscious load of guilt within,
 A shudd’ring at that consciousness ;
 A secret pang, that e’en with one—
 One best beloved—he may not share,
 A dream of hope for ever gone,—
“A wounded spirit who can bear?”

The heart may bend beneath the blast
 Of earthly sorrow, earthly pain,
 And, when the blighting storm hath past,
 Unhurt, unscathed may rise again ;

Yet tho' it deeply feel, 'twill melt
In tears of joy, if peace be there,
But who that ever yet hath felt
“A wounded spirit,—who can bear?”

Rest

*“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28*

BESET with cares, oppress'd with woe,
Where can the weeping mourner go?
Where find remission from the sin
That wounds, and wearies him within?
A hope to banish all his fears,
A hand to wipe away his tears,
Pardon—his spirit to release,
And whisper softly “Go in peace!”

Vain are the comforts earth supplies,
As soon as grasp'd each pleasure dies;
The joys least kindred to decay
Have made them wings, and fled away!

Hopes once the brightest have declined,
 Friends once most stedfast proved unkind ;
 One only Voice to souls distress'd
 Seems still to promise certain rest.

‘Come, mourner,’—thus it seems to say,—
 ‘Come forth from darkness into day ;
 ‘Tho’ lone thine heart, and full thine eye,
 ‘Tho’ sad sin’s smart, and sorrow’s sigh,
 ‘Tho’ far thy wand’ring feet have strayed,
 ‘Thy spirit deeply disobey’d,—
 ‘Yet come !—if weary and oppress’d,
 ‘Come to Me,—I will give you rest !

‘Come near, nor dread repulse from Me,
 ‘I wept that I might comfort thee ;
 ‘Touch’d with a feeling of thy woe,
 ‘Since all except its sin I know,

‘ I listen to the feeblest voice,
‘ Bid the most sorrowful rejoice,
‘ Then come, thou weary and oppress’d,
‘ Come to Me,—I will give you rest !’

Submission

“Let it suffice thee, speak no more to me of this matter.”—

DEUT. iii. 26

LET it suffice thee, speak no more
 Of this, it may not be,
 Thou canst not see what lies before,
 Submit, and follow Me.

That path which opens out so fair,
 Bright with its golden hours,
 Mine eye can see the serpent's lair
 Beneath its fairest flowers.

That cup which mantles high with joy
 And tempts thy longing soul,
 Its honied sweets would soon destroy,
 There's poison in the bowl.

Ask not for health, or wealth, or ease,
Exemption from distress,
Freedom from sorrow, or disease,
Which I have sent to bless.

Ask only for a holy heart,
And a submissive will
To bear thy cross, to do thy part,
To trust Me, and be still.

One gleam the more, one cloud the less
Might not thy blessing be,
Ask only for My Righteousness,
Leave all the rest to Me.

So shall thy cup with joy o'erflow,
Thy pathway pleasant prove,
And Thou from sweet experience know
That all My ways are love.

The Sparrows

“Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.”—LUKE xii. 7.

THE sparrow on the house-top,
 Or chirping at the eaves,
 Speaks holy words of comfort
 To him whose soul believes ;
 Speaks holy words of comfort,
 Altho' the heedless ear
 Sounds only light and trifling
 Can in its cherup hear.

“Fear not,” this is the burden
 For ever of its song,
 “Fear not,”—tho' God seem slow to right,
 And man seem swift to wrong ;

“Fear not,”—the mighty Father
 Whose hand is over all
 Counts every hair upon your heads,
 Sees every sparrow fall.

Nothing to Him is little
 Who is Himself so great,
 His hand is large for every need,
 His heart for every state ;
 “Fear not,” but only trust Him,
 ’Tis thus the Sparrow sings,
 And nestles, where we all should hide,
 Beneath th’ Almighty wings.

Five of us for two farthings
 Are sold in every mart,
 And yet not one forgotten
 Before the Father’s heart ;
 But ye are bought with precious blood
 Than gold more costly far,

Then "Fear not," ye more value
Than many sparrows are.

Ye blessèd little preachers !

My grateful heart receives
Your lessons from the house-tops,
Your precepts from the eaves ;
And, resting in their shadow,
I thankfully rejoice,
In every sound of life around
To hear my Father's voice.

And when my soul is drooping,
And when my heart is low,
And when I am untrustful,
And know not where to go ;
I'll ask no better teachers
Than ye must ever prove,
To him whose heart is wakeful
To hear the Voice of Love.

Lux Dux, Lex Rex

“For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.”—PROV. vi. 23

His Light my Guide! His Law my rule!
 Blest precepts of His holy school!
 Their feet will stray, their hearts rebel,
 Who do not love these precepts well.

Graven by His Love on every cross,
 They teach the gain of every loss;
 Graven by His cross on every heart,
 It learns to choose the better part.

’Tis thus the holy sign I read,
 And ever in mine hour of need,
 Find peace in Him who for me died,
 His Law my rule! His Light my Guide!

Great Need

“My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”—PHIL. iv. 19

GREAT need have I for one
 Who would my Saviour be,
 And a great Saviour for my need
 Jesus Thou art to me.

When God could never yield
 And mortal never pay,—
 Mortal and God, in Thee revealed,
 Wiped all my debt away.

All that my sin doth owe
 Thy goodness can supply,
 My state is not for Thee too low,
 Nor God's demand too high.

I'm not what I desire,
Still less can hope to be
What purity and truth require,
But I'll be all in Thee.

Less pure—I could not move
With joy amid the blest,
And Heaven with less of light and love
Would be no place of rest.

Abide with us

“*Abide with us.*”—LUKE xxiv. 29

“ABIDE with us,” Thou God of love,
 And make our hearts Thy blest abode,
 Repair their ruins—let them prove
 The temples of the living God.

“Abide with us,”—nor journey on
 To other scenes, when hearts are here
 Seeking that presence which alone
 Can sorrow soothe, and gladness cheer.

“Abide with us,”—nor pass away,
 Why should those clouds return again?
 Oh bid the gleam of glory stay,—
 That soft “clear shining after rain!”

“Abide with us ;”—Lord, grant that we
May answer when Thy voice doth call,
To hear and not to welcome Thee
Were worse than not to hear at all.

Arise and Save

“For they have turned their back unto me, and not their face; but in the time of their trouble they will say, Arise, and save us.”—JER. ii. 27

WHEN ease and quiet are our lot
 Our hearts grow hard and cold,
 God and His love remembered not,
 We wander from His fold;
 But when His tempests sweep our sky
 His wrath we dare not brave,
 We stoop beneath the blast,—and cry
 Arise our God and save.

Lord, grant that ever in my breast
 Such dread of sin may be,
 That I may never dream of rest
 Or peace, except in Thee !

That 'neath the calmest, brightest sky
Thy mercy ever gave,
This heart may dread sin's storm, and cry
Arise, my God, and save.

The Promises of God

“Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises.”—2 PET. i. 4

THE broken contrite heart—oppressed
 By mercy’s chastening rod,
 Finds,—pillowed on the Saviour’s breast,
 Its only hope, its only rest,—
 ‘The Promises of God.’

The soul, that long the slippery way
 Of cheerless life hath trod,
 When taught to learn, to trust, to pray,
 Rests upon an eternal stay,—
 ‘The Promises of God.’

Nor hopeless o’er the Christian weep,
 Since round the lowly sod

Eternal visions cheer his sleep,
Eternal hopes their vigils keep,—
‘ The Promises of God.’

Then safe, my spirit, onward speed
To Zion’s bright abode ;
Follow where thousand mercies lead,
And humbly trusting, humbly plead
‘ The Promises of God.’

Good Friday

“ And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.”—LUKE xxiii. 44

DARK and dim the daylight rose,
 Destined with Thy life to close ;
 With the life Thou didst assume
 As Thy passport thro' the tomb ;
 But a drop in the great sea,
 Lord, of Thine eternity.

On the tree accursèd dying,
 Death and hell, beneath Thee lying,
 There their doom long look'd for meet,
 Crush'd beneath Thy bruise'd feet.
 Bitter scorn and cruel pain,
 Do their worst with Thee in vain,
 For Thou answer'st not again.

Prayers for them are Thy replies
 To Thy taunting enemies,
 From Thy piercèd side doth flow,
 Medicine for all our woe,
 Thy dear arms outstretch'd we see,
 Drawing the whole world to Thee ;
 And that head so meekly bow'd
 'Neath the momentary cloud,
 Breathes, with its departing breath,
 Life accomplishèd in death.

Lo ! the vail is rent asunder,
 Darkness over head, and under
 Graves are open'd, earth doth quake,
 And the very dead awake.

Angels who beside Thee kept
 Watch, and o'er Thy passion wept ;

Now before Thee, at the gate
Of Thy paradise, do wait,
Hymns celestial round Thee pouring,
As they bend, the might adoring
Of Thy Godhead laid to rest
In the regions of the blest.

Saviour of Thy people ! now
With Thy wounded hands and brow,
Gone to plead beside the throne,
Thy redemption for Thine own,
Grace to seek in large supplies,
Even for Thine enemies ;—

Hear us when to Thee we cry,
Make us feel that Thou art nigh,
Help us when in time of need
We Thy great deliv'rance plead,

Cleanse us with Thy precious blood,
O Thou gentle Lamb of God !

By Thy cross and passion save us ;
By the hope those suff'rings gave us ;
By Thine agony and sweat,
By Thy prayers on Olivet,
By Thy sighs and by Thy tears,
By Thy people's hopes and fears,
By the peace vouchsafed to Thee
When in dark Gethsemanè !

By the sacramental tide
Gushing from Thy wounded side,
By the load of others' sin
That oppress'd Thy soul within,
By the wondrous love Thou bore us
That by death Thou should'st restore us,—

By that mercy and that love
Hear us, Lord, in Heav'n above !

In the midnight of our sadness,
In the noontide of our gladness,
Thro' each changing scene of life,
Calm and sunshine—storm and strife,
At the last dread parting hour,
In Thy judgment's might and power—

Lord, deliver and defend us,
Let Thy Spirit still attend us ;
Be Thine Eye our leading star,
Guiding upward from afar,
Here,—the surety Thou art nigh,
There,—the blest reality !

Nature and Grace

*“All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord ; and Thy saints
shall bless Thee.”—Ps. cxlv. 10*

O ! WHAT a gloomy cheerless scene
A world accursèd might have been,
If He,—who in His mercy hath
Strew’d such delight along life’s path,—
Had changed each passing breath and sound
That floats in harmony around,—
To discords such as would destroy
Sensation’s every pulse of joy !

But He who bids us seek His face
Makes Nature handmaiden to Grace,
And lest our souls—to earth too prone—
Should faint before they reach the throne,

The sea beneath, the sky above
 Hath form'd as mirrors of His love,
 And every rock, and flow'r, and tree
 Made vocal for eternity.

Where'er we move or walk abroad
 We see—we feel a present God !
 The very balm that scents the air
 Breathes of a purer essence there,
 The bubbling runnels as they flow,
 Chant sweetest anthems soft and low,
 And happy birds from bush and brake,
 To praise the sylvan echoes wake.

Nature with one harmonious voice
 Seems in her Maker to rejoice,
 Earth's flowers reflect Him in their bloom
 And breathe His praise in rich perfume,

The sun by day, the moon by night,
 The stars,—those heav'nly flow'rs of light—
 All in one sweet accord,—His Name
 Almighty ! Wonderful ! proclaim.

And O ! shall I,—when flow'rs and trees,
 Things soulless, senseless, such as these,
 Live to His praise,—as tho' they seem'd
 His own, His purchased, His redeem'd :—
 Shall I,—for whom His blood was pour'd,
 The blood of the incarnate Lord,—
 Be silent,—when this heart should raise
 To its Redeemer hymns of praise ?

Lord ! when amid the songs of earth,
 Forgetful of my heavenly birth,
 My harp hangs on the willow tree,
 And renders back no praise to Thee,—

Let the sweet hymns of those who know
Not half the debt of love I owe,
If not for love,—at least for shame,—
Move this dull soul to praise Thy Name!

Trust

“ O my God, I trust in Thee.”—Ps. xxv. 2

LORD of love and mercy guide us,
 Shelter 'neath Thy rock provide us,
 Where no danger may betide us,—
 Hid with Christ in Thee !
 Ever ours, but rather
 When cares round us gather,
 Then Thy grace
 Reveals Thy face,
 And we own Thee, Father !
 Source of all that's best and dearest,
 Hidden joy 'mid woes severest,
 Friend—in danger ever nearest—
 Sweet to trust in Thee !

Sweet to be assured that sorrow,
Tho' it cloud with care to-morrow,
From Thy love a light may borrow

 The world's joy never gave ;
When, by the glance of Heav'n
Sin's gloomy darkness riv'n,

 We see Thee write

 In words of light

“ Thy sins are all forgiven ! ”

And souls and bodies bow'd before Thee,
Lord, we worship, we adore Thee,
And through grace those hearts restore Thee
 Jesus died to save.

Heaven

“I go to prepare a place for you. . . . And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”—JOHN xiv. 2, 3

FOR ever, Lord, to dwell with Thee !

From sin and care for ever free,

With every feeling to Thee giv'n,—

O what a foretaste this of Heav'n !

To see Thee—hear Thee—and adore,

To love Thee—praise Thee—evermore,

To walk for ever in Thy light,

'Mid “no more curse,” and no more night ;

To serve Thee with a zeal, that ne'er

Feels there the chills it weeps o'er here,

To never tire or love Thee less,—
This, this is Heav'n and happiness !

Yet even here 'mid care and sin
This Heav'n on earth doth oft begin,
For, if Thy love possess the heart,
Our Heav'n is, Lord, where'er Thou art !

Joy

“ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”—HAB. iii. 17, 18

IN Thee, my God, will I rejoice,
 To Thee I'll sing with heart and voice,
 Thy praise at morn, and noon, and night,
 Shall be my duty, and delight.

Tho' bud and blossom fruitless fall,
 Tho' flock and herd from fold and stall
 Untimely perish, yet in Thee
 My still unclouded joy shall be.

Earth and myself alone contain
All source of sorrow and of pain,
Then I from earth and self will flee,
And find another self in Thee.

In Thee my God!—from Thy pure skies
All my fresh springs of gladness rise,
True to their level—night and morn—
To Thee in praise they shall return.

Thee—whom to know is life and light,
Thee—whom to trust is power and might,
Thee—whom to serve is to be free,
My joy shall ever be in Thee?

The Cross

“The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—EPH. vi. 14

BLEST sign of Man's redemption!—I adore—
 Not thee,—but Him who did not fear thy pains,
 Who—tho' in light where the Eternal reigns
 He loved to live,—yet loved His people more,
 And therefore thus on thee their trespass bore.
 I do not owe thee worship, but I ne'er
 Would join with those who, thro' some sickly fear
 Of rite idolatrous, on thee would pour
 Contempt and scorn, and level with decay
 God's finger-post that points the narrow way:
 But when I see thee,—this poor soul doth bless
 Love's cheering token in the wilderness,
 Recalling ever at the well-known sign [Divine.
 Sad thoughts of mortal guilt, glad thoughts of Love

Answers to Prayer

*“ Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters,
and Thy footsteps are not known.”—Ps. lxxvii. 19*

I ASK'D for grace to lift me high,
Above the world's depressing cares ;
God sent me sorrows ;—with a sigh
I said, He has not heard my prayers.

I ask'd for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road,
But clouds and darkness shadow'd me
When I expected light from God.

I ask'd for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When lo ! such horrors fill'd my breast
As I had never felt before.

And O, I cried, can this be prayer

Whose plaints the stedfast mountains move?

Can this be Heaven's prevailing care,—

And, O my God, is this Thy love?

But soon I found that sorrow, worn

As Duty's garment, strength supplies,

And out of darkness meekly borne

Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears, which stirr'd

My startled soul God's will to do,

On me more real peace conferr'd

Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in Thy mysterious ways

Lead my dependent spirit on,

And, whensoever it kneels and prays,

Teach it to say,—“Thy will be done.”

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,
Thine image seek—Thy glory see ;
Let every other wish and care,
Be left confidingly to Thee !

They were

*“ Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring
with him.”—I THESS. iv. 14*

THEY were—

But what avails it now to tell of what has been ?

Fond-hearted, dear, and passing fair

As e'er on earth were seen !

They are—

In safety with their God, secure from sin and care,

And the bright day cannot be far

When we shall meet them there.

The tears—

Our loss of them might claim, thoughts of *their* gain

That we may watch till Christ appears, [do dry,

Bringing them in the sky.

Jesus !—

Their hope and life in death,—*our* joy in grief and
We live in Thee,—live Thou in us,— [pain,
And all shall meet again.

Parting

*“The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent
one from another.”—GEN. xxxi. 49*

WHEN friend from friend is parting,
 And in each speaking eye
 The silent tears are starting
 To tell what words deny,
 How could we bear the heavy load
 Of such heart-agony,
 Could we not cast it all—our God—
 Our gracious God—on Thee?
 And feel that Thou kind watch wilt keep
 When we are far away,
 That Thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
 And hear us when we pray.

Yet, oft these hearts will whisper,
 That better 'twould betide
 If we were near the friends we love
 And watching by their side ;
 But sure Thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,
 For trusting Thee alone !
 And sure, Thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,
 The farther we are gone ;
 Then why be sad ? since Thou wilt keep
 Watch o'er them day by day,
 Since Thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,
 And hear *us* when we pray.

Oh for that bright and happy land
 Where—far amid the blest—
 The wicked cease from troubling, and
 The weary are at rest ;
 Where friends are never parted
 Once met around Thy throne,

And none are broken-hearted

Since all with Thee are one !

Yet oh, till then watch o'er us keep

While far from Thee away,

And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,

And hear us when we pray !

Comfort

“Hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive.”—I KINGS viii. 30

AND wilt Thou hear my soul's complaint

And wilt Thou soothe its fears,

Support it, Lord, when weak and faint,

And dry its falling tears?

Wilt Thou forget to sin how prone

Its wand'ring wishes be,

And this remember, Lord, alone—

That it was bought by Thee?

And wilt Thou bear with every doubt,

And pardon every sin,

Subdue each fighting from without,

Forgive each fear within?

I know Thou wilt !—for thus Thy grace,
 Tho' oft provoked it be,
Reflected from my Saviour's face
 Shines brightest upon me !

Baptismal Hymn

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.”—MARK x. 14.

“Beloved, ye hear in this Gospel the words of our Saviour Christ.”—BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

LORD, dependent on Thy promise,
 Here we lay before Thy throne
 This Thy gift,—receive her from us,
 Take and seal her for Thine own.

To the gate of Heav’n we’ve brought her,—
 Cleanse her, Lord, from guilt and sin,
 And, for His dear sake who sought her,
 Take the little stranger in.

Raise her in Thine arms and bless her,—
 Own her in Thy Church above,

Before all Thy hosts confess her
 As the purchased of Thy love.

Naked—clothe her with Thy merit,
 Helpless—Thou her helper be !
 Dying—breathe on her Thy Spirit
 That her soul may live to Thee.

Grave upon her heart the token
 Only *traced* upon her brow,
 And the words by mortal spoken
 God immortal ! speak them Thou !

Here within Thy sacred dwelling,
 There thro' all Thy courts around,
 Mortals singing, Angels telling,
 She *was* lost, but she *is* found.

The Threefold Promise

“ Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death ? ”—ROM. vi. 3

WHEN the threefold Name was spoken,
 When the sacred sign was made,
 When upon our brows the token
 Of our baptism was laid :

Threefold was the sacred promise,—
 To renounce, believe, and do ;
 God of mercy—turn not from us
 When those vows we here renew.

From the Devil and his dangers,
 From the pomp and pride of life,
 Lord, as pilgrims and as strangers,
 Keep us in the holy strife.

From all lusts, depraved and fleshly,
Set our struggling spirits free,
Strike the rock,—and gushing freshly
All our springs be found in Thee.

Thee—by Whom we Heaven inherit,
We for Thee the world forsake,
Call'd by Thine Almighty Spirit,
And received for Jesus' sake.

Members of Christ

“Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?”

—I COR. vi. 15

MEMBERS of Christ, children of God,

Inheritors of Heaven,

What titles,—what a bright abode,

Mercy to man hath given !

Great God,—how grateful we should be

For all that Thou hast done,

To make poor sinners one with Thee

Thro’ Thine eternal Son !

What Love but Thine would e’er have thought

That only Son to give,

What blood but His could e’er have bought

The right for souls to live ?

What Pow'r but Thine own gentle grace
 Could break a heart of sin,
And then into so vile a place
 Would stoop to enter in?

Father, Thy Spirit and Thy blood
 Shall not in vain be given,
Members of Christ, children of God,
 We'll learn to live for Heaven.

Believers

“Be thou an example of the believers.”—I TIM. iv. 12

BELIEVERS,—this the glorious Name
Which we are bound to bear,
For which we scorn reproach and shame,
And death itself would dare.

Believers in the Word of God,
And in His Only Son,
Believers in His precious blood,
And in the Heaven it won.

Believers—once depraved and lost,
But now by grace restored,
Believers in the Holy Ghost
That leads us to the Lord.

Believers—therefore heirs of life,
Believers—therefore blest,
Believers—therefore in the strife
Of worlds secure of rest.

Believers—this the glorious Name
Jesus Thy love hath given,
Oh may we keep it free from shame
Until we enter Heaven !

Set Aside

“It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes.”—PSA. cxix. 71

I’VE seen a shepherd following his flock
 Weary and faint, from flow’ry rock to rock,
 And sigh’d to think that while his charge were blest
 He only wanted time for food and rest.
 I therefore mourn not when some change doth lay
 The shepherd’s gear, and shepherd’s crook aside,
 And as a sheep I ’mid green pastures stray,
 And rest, and drink where stilly waters glide,
 And hear the message I’ve so often taught,
 And learn experience of too wand’ring thought,
 And feel the need of being what I ought
 To be—an humble worshipper—no more—
 And yet what higher could be?—bent before
 The Throne of the Redeemer I adore?

The Friend

“There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”—

PROV. xviii. 24

FRIEND of the friendless and the lone,
Whose love makes all our cares Thine own,
Be with us in our hour of fear
And make us feel that Thou art near.

Our griefs without Thee, Lord, would be
The height—the depth of misery,
While by Thy Spirit blest they prove
But clouds, whose dews are peace and love.

Lord, I would rather weep to feel
Thy blessed influence o’er me steal,
Than share the brightest earthly lot,
Where Thou, my Saviour God, art not.

For O! without Thee, what the smiles
With which a treach'rous world beguiles?
While with Thee—tears, and loss, and pain,
Touch'd by Thy grace are turn'd to gain.

Evening Prayer

“ The evening sacrifice.”—Ps. cxli. 2

HUSH ! 'tis the hour of rest,
 The stilly hour, when we
 Toil-worn—care-oppress'd—
 Lord ! lift our hearts to Thee ;
 Tho' darkness round us lies,
 Bright watch Thine angels keep ;
 Tho' slumber seal our eyes,
 Thine never sleep !

O blessed Saviour, take us
 Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing,
 With morning to awake us
 Thy welcome praise to sing ;

That at the hour of rest,—

As thro' day's toil and care,—

Praise may uplift each breast

Whose breath is prayer !

Sweet Summer Day

“ The day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out.”—JER. vi. 4

SWEET summer day,—how calm, how bright,
 How beautiful art thou,
 Mirth waits around thy path of light,
 And sunshine gilds thy brow :
 The fairest flowers earth bestows
 Are blooming at thy feet,
 The gentlest—youngest breeze that blows
 Sighs round thee soft and sweet.

The soul—refresh'd and gladden'd—soars
 Exultingly above !
 And, lost in ecstasy,—adores
 God in His works of love ;

But soon the longest—loveliest day
 Yields up its short delight,
And smiles and sunshine fade away,
 Wrapt in the clouds of night.

Why live we then for fleeting hours,
 Whose beauty and whose bloom,—
Whose brightest scenes and fairest flowers,
 Smile only round the tomb?
Ours be the sunshine of a face
 That knows no shade or frown,
A long bright summer day of grace
 Whose sun no more goes down !

Missionary Hymn

*“ Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are
white already to harvest.”—JOHN iv. 35*

GOD of the Gospel,—hear our voice
When we for Gospel gifts rejoice !
And only rest from praise—to pray
That all the world may learn Thy way.

Lord, bless Thy work,—and speed the time
When every tongue and every clime
Shall know the blessing of Thy grace,
And seek Thee in “ Thy dwelling-place.”

Oh bid Thy glorious Gospel run,
And tell the nations of Thy Son !
Of Him who, on th’ accursèd tree,
Died that their souls might live to Thee.

The fields are white,—bid many come
To help Thy golden harvest home,
And lay the purchased treasure by
In heaven's eternal granary.

Be Still

“Be still, and know that I am God.”—Ps. xlv. 10

WHENE’ER I bend my knees in prayer,
Or bow before Thine unseen throne,
Teach me, my God, that Thou art there,
And let that thought, and that alone
Make silence in this noisy breast,
And hush its whispering cares to rest.

Sweep from this heart, Thy sacred shrine,
Earth’s smouldering and unhallow’d fires,
Let all its incense, Lord, be Thine,
Thine all its feelings, its desires ;
What traitor sin would dare to steal
Its love from Him who bade it feel ?

Nor let my hard rebellion force

Thy gentle hand to take the rod,

Thy love to change its peaceful course

And vindicate a slighted God ;

Until 'Thy triple cord .of love

Hath tried to draw, and fail'd to move.

Doing

*“ Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving
your own selves.”—JAMES i. 22*

TALK not of feelings, and of frames,
When duties round thee lie,
They are but empty sounds and names,
These a reality.

Waste not thy life in idle dreams
Of what that life should be,
But live it,—use it,—for it teems
With tasks for thee and me.

Talk—it is easy,—dreams are sloth,—
Mere wishes idler still,
Thy heart and hand, God wants them both
To love and do His will.

Then rise, and in His strengthening might
The narrow path pursue,
There wait, or watch, or rest, or fight,—
Whate'er is duty—do.

Do with that earnest faith, whose creed
Mere words could ne'er declare,
Spoken in every daily deed,
And every nightly prayer.

Gentleness

*“The servant of God must not strive, but be gentle unto
all men.”—2 TIM. ii. 24*

GIVE me that gentle spirit, Lord,
Which marks Thy faithful few,
Which answers not the railing word,
Nor does as worldlings do.

But using life, lives far above
Its treacherous hopes and fears,
Fed by the warmth of Heavenly love,
And penitential tears.

Which holds all care as little worth
Save when from truth it swerves,
And deems the poorest lot on earth
Better than it deserves.

Which cheerfully takes up its cross,
Content whate'er it be ;
And counts as gain the deepest loss
So it but lead to Thee.

Give me that gentle spirit, Lord,
That I may daily prove
My faith in Thy directing Word,
My comfort in Thy love ;

That I may use all means of grace,
Thy faithfulness hath given ;
And every thing, and time, and place,
To make me fit for heaven.

Loving-kindness

“ I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.”

—ISA. lxiii. 7.

MY God, my Saviour, sweet to be
Dependent every hour on Thee !
Amid life's bitterness,—how sweet
Thy loving-kindnesses to meet !

Sweet to hold converse with Thee, Lord !
And hear Thee answer by Thy word ;
Thy love in all my life to trace,
And live that life—the child of grace.

To feel the very light and glow
Of heaven's own gladness here below,
And drink those sparkling streams, whose rills
Rise 'mid the everlasting hills !

None, walking as Thy Word hath taught,
Have ever sought, and found Thee not,
Or brought to Thee a single care
Thou didst not either take or share.

My God, my Saviour, grant that I
May with Thee live, and in Thee die !
'Tis all my spirit asks, but less
Thou know'st would not be happiness.

The Spring-tide Hour

*“Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south ; blow upon
my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.”—CANT.
iv. 16*

THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love ;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove :
Bird, flow’r, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring,
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

Dews fall apace—
The dews of grace—
Upon this soul of sin,
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within :
Yet year by year
Fruits, flow'rs appear,
And birds their praises sing ;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let Thy love
Fresh from above
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,

And bid its spices flow !

And when Thy voice

Makes earth rejoice,

And the hills laugh and sing ;

Lord, teach this heart

To bear its part,

And join the praise of spring !

Daily Prayer

“Daily shall He be praised.”—Ps. lxxii. 1

DEPENDENT for our daily food,
 And for our nightly rest,
 For all we seek of great and good—
 All that can make us blest,
 Dependent, gracious God, on Thee,
 And on Thy daily care,
 Shall we for all ungrateful be
 And grudge Thee Daily Prayer?

Thy daily light Thou dost not hide,
 Nor nightly dews withhold,
 Daily Thy hand is open wide
 Pouring out gifts untold;

Thy daily Providence protects,
 Thy daily love doth spare,
 And cold the creature that neglects
 To give Thee Daily Prayer.

The flow'rs awaken every morn
 To let their fragrance rise,
 With songs of birds from brake and thorn
 Up-gushing to the skies :
 The flocks and herds with bleating voice,
 And lowing note declare
 The Hand which makes them all rejoice,—
 It is their Daily Prayer.

And open are the busy haunts
 Where thousands daily throng,
 The scenes where restless pleasure flaunts
 To sound of festal song ;

And shall God's House alone be closed,
 And none to it repair?
 Who nightly 'neath His wings reposed
 They owe Him Daily Prayer.

Lord, open every heart and door
 Thro'out this Christian land,
 Let crowds into Thy churches pour—
 Crowds round Thine altar stand;
 And daily as Thy grace is given,
 And we receive our share,
 Let Christians to their Christ in heaven
 Offer up Daily Prayer.

God's Comforts

*“ In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts
delight my soul.”—Ps. xciv. 19*

LORD, what is life, without the beaming smile
Of Thine approval? Every care and grief
Hang on us heavy,—hopeless of relief,
And even joys, that else would fain beguile,
Mock with their fond illusions all the while,
Leading us blindly onward, but to leave
Amid the ruins of the self-rear'd pile,
Vainly to hope, and hopelessly to grieve,
The blighted hearts, that in their bold pursuing,
Had nothing gain'd except their own undoing.
Yet are those sorrows—joys, and those deceivings
The best success,—if thence spring such believings
As make us feel, that all this earth can be
Is nothing—worse than nothing—without Thee !

Fervour

“Fervent in spirit.”—ROM. xii. 11

O FOR a heart more fervent,
 My God, more purely Thine !
 A spirit more observant
 Of all Thy laws divine ;
 Less cold when bent before Thee,
 Less careless in Thy sight ;
 More willing to adore Thee,
 And love Thee as it might !

Why should I cast behind me
 The hope that may be mine ?
 When God hath not resign'd me,
 Shall I my God resign ?

Leave joy and peace and blessing,
A life—a world of bliss ;
For joys not worth possessing
In such a world as this ?

O for that deep devotion,
That grace, whose strength within
Subdues each wild emotion
Suggested here by sin ;
Uplifts each warm affection
And lays it at Thy feet,
Assured that no rejection
The contrite soul shall meet !

Christ's Service

"Ye serve the Lord Christ."—COL. iii. 24

SERVANT of God, and can it be
That such a soul as thine
Could ever for sin's slavery
Thy Master's house resign ;
Choose present pleasure here, instead
Of joy which never dies ;
And rather sleep amid the dead,
Than with the living rise ?

God pays His people with His peace,
Sustains them with His grace,
Makes all their sins and sorrows cease,
And bids them seek His face ;

Vouchsafes them guidance here in life,
And, when their work is done,
Beyond all struggle and all strife
A place beside the throne.

O ! what a service of delight
Which Jesus stoops to share,
The yoke how easy, and how light
The burden we must bear !
Who that hath such a Master loved,
And such a God adored,
Could e'er by earth or sin be moved
To call another Lord !

Sabbath Bells

“ Arise, let us go hence.”—JOHN xiv. 31

DEEP tolls the muffled bell
 With its voice of woe,
 Bidding solemn—sad farewell
 To all things below !
 Home, home !
 Come home !
 —Thus it seems to say,—
 Where rest
 Awaits the blest
 In eternal day !

Sweet sounds the Sabbath bell
 Summoning to prayer,
 Bidding cheerful—glad farewell
 To all worldly care ;

Enter in,
And from sin,
Thus it seems to say,—
Here rest,
Where the blest
Come to kneel and pray !

Lord ! so true to Thee alone
Tune this discordant soul,
That with the same soft Sabbath tone
Whenever it may toll,—
That sweet bell
Of joy may tell,
And ever seem to say,—
Home, home !
Come home !
Come to Christ away !

Sorrow=Joy

“Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.”—ECCLES. vii. 3

OUR sorrows sometimes are our truest joys,
 And better friends, than many a one that wears
 More smiling aspect—more bewitching airs,
 And yet the very peace it speaks destroys.
 Bitter the sweet whose over-sweetness cloy,
 And sweet the bitter, that can keenly give
 An appetite for pleasures that shall live
 Beyond earth's baubles, and time's tinsell'd toys.
 Give me, O Lord, whatever lot Thy love
 And wisdom deem most fitting for me here,
 So it be gilded with Thy grace, and prove
 Me to Thee dearer, Thee to me more dear;
 What is a crown, if it be crown'd with loss?
 And what are chastening cares, if glory crown Thy
 cross?

Sanctified Sorrow

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”—Ps. cxix. 75

My Father and my God,
O, set this spirit free !
I'd gladly kiss the rod
That drove my trembling soul to Thee,
And made it Thine eternally !

Sweet is the bitterest smart
That, with the bended knee,
Bows down this broken heart ;
For who, my Saviour, who could be
A sufferer long, that flies to Thee ?

The tears we shed for sin
When heav'n alone can see,
Leave truer peace within

Than worldly smiles,—which cannot be
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,
I'll bless Thy just decree
So Thou art not forgot,—
And I may ne'er dependent be
On any friend, my God, but Thee !

As needle to the pole,
There fix'd but tremblingly,
Such be my trusting soul !
Whate'er life's variations be,
For ever pointing, Lord, to Thee !

Fellowship

*“ Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son
Jesus Christ.”—I JOHN i. 3*

WHEN souls, tho' parted, can unite
In prayer and praise,—how sure, how bright
The glorious path that lies
'Mid many a doubt, and many a tear,
To a reunion—if not here—
Hereafter in the skies.

To be assured that we may meet
Together round the mercy-seat
At morn and evening prayer,
And to the same eternal spring
Our weary, thirsty souls may bring,
To sanctify them there !

And this on earth !—how like a spot
Of Eden where the curse is not,
By God in mercy spared,
To be by tender hearts that love
And angels' spirits from above,
In blest communion shared.

How Long?

“ Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.”—Ps. lxxvii. 3

O FOR the time, when on the world
 Thy Spirit shall be pour'd,
 Thy banner over all unfurl'd,
 Thy Name by all adored ;
 When nations, living on Thy words,
 And dwelling 'neath Thy wings,
 Shall own Thee only Lord of lords,
 And only King of kings !

When Thou Thy people's souls shalt bless
 With undisturb'd repose,
 And make earth's desert wilderness
 To blossom as the rose ;

When every heart shall be Thine own,
And Thou—tho' ever near—
Shalt for Thy footstool leave Thy throne
To dwell amongst us here.

Bright blessed hour !—O Lord, how long,
How long, O Lord, till we
Shall stand amid that countless throng
Thus gather'd around Thee?
Where souls long parted safe at last
Before Thy throne shall meet,
And crowding saints their crowns shall cast
In thousands at Thy feet?

God's Works

“ O Lord, how great are Thy works ! ”—Ps. xcii. 5

In every season, every hour,
 In every leaf, in every flower,
 In every scene, and every sound,
 Amid creation's wonders found,
 My soul Thy providence discerns,
 And, whensoever I walk abroad,
 To Thee involuntar'ly turns,
 To Thee my God !—to Thee my God !

The glories of the midnight sky,
 The evening insect humming by,
 The mightiest and the meanest prove
 Alike Thy wisdom, power, and love ;

While heav'n and earth thus both combine
To raise the heart, and point the road
That leads thro' blessings so divine
To Thee my God !—to Thee my God !

But O, how much more dear to trace
The wonders of Thy world of grace !
The soul that by the Cross can kneel
And all that Cross's comfort feel,
Upon the Saviour's healing wings,
Wash'd in the Saviour's precious blood,
Redeem'd—regenerated springs
To Thee my God !—to Thee my God !

Perseverance

*“ Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ;
for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom,
in the grave, whither thou goest.”—ECCLES. ix. 10*

WHATE’ER my hand or heart design,
Of holy thought, or work divine,
Of alms, or fast, or prayer ;
May I, my God, with all my might
Do it for Thee, and in Thy sight,
Thy love—mine only care !

When moved to tears by prayer or praise,
By holy things or holy days,
My soul adoring bows ;
And falters forth its hopes and fears,
May I not rest content with fears,—
But haste and pay my vows.

For tears are weak, and sin is strong,
And time is short, and sorrows long,
For those who time misspend ;
And they who would lie down in rest
Should thro' life's journey do their best,
As well as at its end.

Since in the grave, where we do go,
None may "device nor knowledge" know,
"No work, nor wisdom" there ;
They must have trod the narrow way
Who, at the close of life's short day,
God's Paradise would share.

Undertake for Me

“O Lord, I am oppressed: undertake for me.”—ISA.

xxxviii. 14

LORD, I'm oppress'd ! O undertake
For me, for my Redeemer's sake !
Unclean, unworthy,—I confess,
Yet oh ! accept His righteousness !

On Him alone I dare repose,
From Him alone my comfort flows,
And all I am, or hope to be,
I owe—thro' Him—my God, to Thee !

A wanderer—His mercy sought !
A slave—His blood my freedom bought !
And dead in trespasses and sin,
His voice awoke life's pulse within !

Hear such a monument of grace
Presuming thus to seek Thy face,
Accept my prayer, and for Thy Son
O perfect Thou the work begun !

Low at Thy footstool, Lord, I lie,
Smile on me here or else I die,
Smile on me !—nor let sin destroy
The bursting blossoms of my joy.

Since faint and feeble, weak and low,
I cannot stay, yet dare not go :
I have no strength, no hope, no plea,
Unless Thou undertake for me !

Death

“ O Death, where is thy sting ? ”—I COR. xv. 55

WHY that sigh, my soul, at parting
 From a world so cold as this ?
 Why those silent tear-drops starting,
 Standing at the gates of bliss ?
 Soon this struggle will be ended,
 Jordan's swellings soon be past,
 And these fears,—a while suspended,—
 Lose themselves in heaven at last.

What is death ?—to sleep in Jesus
 When this weary strife is o'er,
 And to sorrows, sins, diseases
 Never to awaken more !

Safe from every care and anguish,
Leaning on the Saviour's breast,
“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest !”

Sabbath Bells

*“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings!”—ISA. iii. 7*

HARK, the Sabbath bells are pealing !
Hundreds to the House of Prayer
Throng the crowded pathways, feeling
Thankful to be summon'd there.

Once this day was dull and lonely,
Weekly toil brought more content ;
That was useful,—this was only
Wearisome, because misspent.

Now the Sabbath morn is cheerful,
Heaven's high hopes our hearts employ ;
And, if any eye be tearful,
It o'erflows with tears of joy.

Now we hear the sacred story
Of His love who for us died,
Means of grace, and hopes of glory
Every thought and hour divide.

Blessings rest on those who sought us,
Like their Master, when we err'd,
Tended, comforted, and brought us
Where we hear His Holy word.

“ Beautiful upon the mountains ”
Are the feet of those who bring
Tidings of the eternal fountains,
Whence the living waters spring !

And how blest, when thousands thirsting
Bow with bended heart and knee
Round those “ living waters ” bursting
Rock of ages—fresh from Thee !

Hark, the Sabbath bells are pealing!

Let us to the House of Prayer

Press with eager footsteps, feeling

Thankful to be summon'd there.

Time

“My days are like a shadow that declineth.”—Ps. cii. 11

Hour by hour, and day by day,
Week by week life wears away,
Month by month, and year by year,
Thousands come, and disappear,
While time's ceaseless sand runs on,
Soon flows out, and we are gone!

Gone!—and whither must thou go?
Dying sinner,—dost thou know
What thy destiny shall be
Throughout all eternity?
Hast thou thought, while life is flying,
Hast thou ever thought of dying,
Of the hour when thou must meet
God at His own judgment-seat,

And to all here loved so well

Bid a long, a last farewell?

Where thy treasure, where thy trust?

Here,—'mid worms and worlds of dust?

Or,—in that eternal home,

Where nor moth, nor rust doth come?

Use the moments as they fly,

Living,—know that thou must die;

Dying,—as thou daily art,

Let this hope that peace impart

Which God's word alone can give,—

They who sleep in Christ shall live?

The White Robe

“ They shall walk with me in white.”—REV. iii. 4

SWEET babe ! we welcome thee to earth,
We call thee blest, we hold thee dear ;
And,—emblem of a brighter birth,
We clothe thee for a brighter sphere.

Keep here thy garments clean, and bright
That sacred sign thy brow upon,
And thou shalt walk with Christ in white
When this short day of life is done.

My Sister

“ The whole family in heaven and earth.”—EPH. iii. 14

My sister dear ! how oft for thee,
 In childhood's hours of careless glee,
 My hands have wove the little bower,
 Or bound around thy brow the flower,
 Or led amid the haunts of home,
 —Whence ne'er our footsteps sought to roam,—
 The pageant of thy birth-day scene,
 Where all was bright since thou wert queen !

Neglected are those scenes ! and now
 No flow'ret wreath entwines thy brow,
 No more at peep of birth-day morn
 Young hands thy little bower adorn,
 Nor the loud laugh and merry cheer
 Proclaim thee dearest of the dear !

Yet art thou not less loved,—nor less
 A being form'd thine own to bless ;
 For tho' years, as they stole along,
 Stole with them friends, and mirth, and song,
 They could not nor shall ever steal
 From souls that love, and hearts that feel,
 The fond affection that shall ne'er
 Forget thee ! O, my sister dear !

Their silent lapse, as rolling o'er,
 Tho' it took much hath left us more,
 The deep conviction that our love
 Is not of earth but from above,
 Not the mere burst of childish glee,
 But destined for eternity.

Our little band is yet unbroken,
 Death could not souls like ours dissever,
 The same united prayer is spoken
 For thee, my love, and will be ever !
 The same unalter'd heart and voice

Join us above, when we rejoice ;
 And he, who is not less our own,
 Because beyond our vision gone ;
 As fondly as of old on earth
 Welcomes the morning of thy birth :
 A day less brilliant, not less dear,—
 With childhood's joy thro' manhood's tear ;
 Whose stillness to our hearts doth say,
 That some one is not far away,
 And that we are, and still shall be
 An undivided family !

Lord ! haste the time when we shall meet
 Together round Thy mercy-seat,
 And, amid joy which never dies,
 Hold our first birth-day in the skies !
 Here—amid care, and sin, and strife,
 Be 'Thou " the way, the truth, the life :"
 Hereafter—earth's rough pathway trod,
 Our rest, our Father, and our God !

The Haven

“ Then they willingly received Him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.”—JOHN
vi. 21

BUT ere we reach the shore the breeze is gone
That had so lately sped us swiftly on,
In vain our little bark her path would try
Across the ocean's deep tranquillity,
Her idle sails hang useless out to woo
Some young breeze wand'ring o'er the waters blue.
Far o'er her prow our little harbour lies,
Oft we anticipate with longing eyes
Our entrance there, but it is all in vain,
And we had slept upon the slumb'ring main,
Had not the might of the laborious oar
Slowly but surely swept us into shore.

O! when becalm'd upon life's changeful tide
And our poor barks on dangerous depths would rest,
Could we but turn, with sweet experience tried,
And use the oar of faith,—all would be blest.
It might be labour, but how well repaid!
We might be distant, but would soon be near,
It might be hope a little while delay'd,
To make fruition only doubly dear.

Where is my Grave?

“The graves are ready for me.”—JOB xvii. 1

“O grave, where is thy victory?”—I COR. xv. 55

WHERE is my grave? 'mid the silent dead
Of the churchyard throng shall I lay my head?
Shall I sleep in peace with those who erst
In happier years my childhood nurst,
With them beneath the same green sod,
My soul with theirs gone to meet its God?

Where is my grave? in the mighty deep
'Mid the treasures of ocean-caves shall I sleep?
With those who have slept there for ages before
Far from their loved and native shore,
The sand my bed, the rocks my pillow,
And cradled to rest by the tossing billow?

Where is my grave? on the battle plain,
Where sleep in the warrior's bed the slain?
Where fiercely the rush of the war-steed past,
Where the tyrant hath fought and breathed his last,
And the foe and the friend one common bed share,
Shall the place of my last repose be there?

Where is my grave? 'neath some foreign sky
Shall I lay down my wearied limbs and die?
Far over mountain, and far over wave,
Shall the wild flowers bloom on my lonely grave,
In the land of the stranger, where none are near
To breathe the soft sigh, and to shed the sad tear?

Where is my grave? in the burning sand
Of Afric's bright and sultry land
Shall I sleep, when my toil and my labour are o'er,
A weary shepherd on that far shore,
With no record to tell, save the cross by my side,
Of what faith I had preach'd, in what hope I had died?

Where is my grave? It matters not where !
But my home beyond—it is there, it is there
Where God wipes tears from every eye,
And the Lamb is the light of a sunless sky,
Where sin, and death, and sorrow o'er,
They who enter in go out no more.

Beauty

“Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower.”—ISA. xxviii. 1

WHAT is beauty? but a flower !

Early victim of decay,

That the moment of an hour

Either gives or takes away.

Like the sunbeam on the fountain

Where its light hath dancing shone,

Like the roebuck on the mountain

Here a moment, past and gone !

Tho' the sunbeam should be shaded

Softly still the night wave heaves,

Tho' the rose's hue be faded

Fragrance hangs around its leaves ;

So tho' beauty's bloom may perish,
 Tho' its earth-born glory dies,
Souls when born from heav'n will cherish
 Brighter blossoms for the skies.

Where the summer shower steeping
 May have stain'd the leaf's bright glow,
There the winter tempests sweeping
 Might have laid the flow'ret low.

Where a God of wrath reproving
 Might have humbled to the grave,
There a God of mercy loving
 Only wounds that He may save.

Thus the heav'nly Hand that guides us
 Bears us thro' the trying blast ;
Or some shelter'd calm provides us
 Till the gathering storm be past.

Memory's Land

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness."—Ps. cxlv. 7

WHERE is the past, with all its sunny hours,
The spring-tide glory of our friendship's year,
The bloom, the fragrance of hope's earliest flowers
Too freshly gather'd, deem'd perhaps too dear?

Far in bright memory's land!

Where are the summer boughs 'neath which we met,
The soft sweet voices that came round us then,
The songs—whose echoes faintly linger yet—
Speaking of pleasure, whispering of pain?

Far in bright memory's land!

Where do the wither'd flowers of promise breathe
Up from their bed of death a faint perfume,

While melancholy's showers steep the wreath,
And bring back fragrance, tho' they may not bloom?

Far in bright memory's land !

'Tis thus when sorrow shadows o'er the track
That dimly marks the future's unknown clime,
Thus we can tread life's tangled pathway back
To glories rescued from the touch of time,—

Far in bright memory's land !

And almost wish—but for that world above,
Where pain and parting bid a last farewell,—
Bending our all of soul and thought and love
On that one little spot, thro' life to dwell

Far in bright memory's land !

Autumn Leaves

“I will return again unto you, if God will.”—ACTS xviii. 21

AUTUMN leaves are falling fast,
Summer's ling'ring sweets are dying,
Sorrow breathes on every blast,
O'er some loved, some lost one sighing ;
Wherefore should we bid thee stay ?
Go to other brighter bowers,
But return when earth is gay
With its spring-tide songs and flowers.

With the cuckoo's earliest song,
With the young year's freshest springing,
With its green woods, and the throng
Thro' their leafy bowers singing,

With the primrose in the dell
From its mossy cradle stealing,
With each tale it hath to tell,
Sacred to the soul of feeling ;—

Come with these ! and bring that soul
Whence life borrows half its glory,
Song its sweetness ever stole,
And the primrose all its story ;
Come ! nor list the stranger's song,
Gather not the stranger's flowers,
Sweeter to our groves belong,
Richer, lovelier bloom is ours.

Ever bright be mercy's star !
Holy guide before thee burning,
Bright when distant, wand'ring far
Brighter when to home returning !

These the wishes friendship pours
Round her treasures, best and purest,
Friendly prayers from friendly shores,
Heaven enshrined and therefore surest.

Autumn leaves are falling fast,
Summer's ling'ring sweets are dying,
Sorrow breathes on every blast,
O'er some loved, some lost one sighing :
Wherefore should we bid thee stay ?
Go to other brighter bowers,
But return when earth is gay
With its spring-tide songs and flowers.

Breath of the Morning

“ His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.”—

LAM. iii. 22, 23

BREATH of the morning ! how balmy thy flight,
O'er earth and thro' air on the wings of light !
How sweet thy song of summer, how soft,
How gentle thy coming, and O how oft !

With the morning stars when they first arose,
To wake with their song a world's repose,
Thy low, hush'd whispering voice did sing,
As night waved homeward her dusky wing.

Fresh thou art from thy viewless bowers,
Where all night long thou hast slept amid flowers,
That sweeter than those of earth's loveliest dells
Breathed at thy parting their soft farewells.

Wandering the forests and wild groves thro'
Thou hast drunk ere the sun of the morning dew,
Thou hast kiss'd each flower, and raised its head
With the balm of thy breath from its nightly bed.

Thou can'st tell where first at peep of dawn
The sun look'd down on earth's flow'ry lawn,
What ocean wilds, or what mountain streams,
First glanced in the smile of his morning beams.

Thou hast been o'er the heath where the wild deer lay,
When he started up at break of day,
Shaking the drops from his dew-steep'd hair
O'er the withered spot of his lonely lair.

Thou hast pass'd the waters that roll so bright
Down the rocky path of their moss-crown'd height,
Telling them tales of the mountain steep,
And waking the vale they had lulled to sleep.

Thou hast swell'd the mariner's idle sails
 With a sigh of love from his own dear vales,
 That tho' sweet was sad, for thy soft breeze bore
 The bark that it cheer'd to some distant shore.

But go, sweet breath of the morning air !
 With thy pinions of light on thy path so fair !
 And thy visits of mercy pay where'er
 Thy joy is most welcome, thy voice most dear.

Go gladden the captive's lonely cell
 With some token of love from his native dell,
 And bathe his warm brow with a breath as free
 As ever swept o'er him in liberty.

Go visit the mourner's lattice, and creep
 Into his soul with some dream of sleep,
 And tell him of flowers beyond the sky,
 That never are wither'd, that ne'er can die ;

Or thro' the folds of the curtain'd bed,
 Steal in, and fan the fevered head,
 And cheer the sick one, as there he lies,
 With thy blessed hopes and memoriès !

If this thy mission, sweet morning air,
 With a message of comfort to pain and care,
 If thou dost leave thy bowers of ease,
 To brighten and bless such haunts as these ;—

Then indeed the wave of thy glorious wing,
 Heaven's glad tidings to earth doth bring,
 As sweet as ever angels bore,
 To the children of men in days of yore !

Breath of the morning! how bright must have been
 Thy primal path o'er the lovely scene
 Of a world where sin had never trod,
 Unspotted and pure from the hand of its God !

Bright was then thy path of glory !
Bright was then each morning's story !
And the beings of bliss, that cross'd thy flight,
Sinless and deathless were bright, how bright !

Such mornings are past, nor aught so fair
Shall welcome thy coming again, sweet air !
Till the Lord shall descend from His throne on high,
To reclothe this earth in His purity.

Then shall the bloom of a world new-born,
Wave in the breath of that nightless morn,
Whose light shall the hills eternal crown,
Whose risen sun shall no more go down.

The Sailor's Life

“Thou that art the Hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea.”—Ps. lxxv. 5

MERRILY ! merrily on we sail !

The sailor's life is gay !

His hopes are on the fav'ring gale,

And whether it freshen, or whether it fail,

Or whether by night or day ;

He recks not, cares not, no ! not he,

For his home is ever upon the sea,

And his God is near, his guide and stay ;

Then should not the sailor's life be gay ?

Merrily ! merrily on we go !

The sailor's life is free !

Cares but few his heart may know,

For wherever the breezes that bear him blow,

There still his home shall be :

And by night or by day the darkling deep
Is the same to the eye that never doth sleep,
And his God is the God that rules the sea ;
Then should not the sailor's life be free ?

Merrily ! merrily on we sweep !

The sailor's life is blest !

For he knows the wonders of the deep,
And who alone his bark can keep

By night or day at rest ;

He knows by Whom each breeze is given,
Each calm he feels comes fresh from Heav'n,
And the thought of his God ever buoys his breast,
Then should not the sailor's life be blest ?

Merrily ! merrily on we fly !

The sailor's life is dear !

There's not a cloud across the sky,

His throbbing heart is beating high,
For ah ! his home is near !
And his eye glistens as he sees
His native vale, its cots and trees,
But the God of comfort dries the tear,
Then should not the sailor's life be dear ?

Thus the sailor's life is gay and free,
And it is blest and dear ;
Then should not he speed merrily
Along the deep and dark blue sea,
With nothing there to fear ?
For with his Father at the helm,
No tempests can his bark o'erwhelm,
His sea is safe, his haven near,
For the sailor's life to his God is dear !

Cradle Song

“ Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing Father beareth the sucking child.”—NUM. xi. 12

HUSH, hush thee, my baby, hush, hush thee to rest,
 Be still! and I'll sing thee the song thou lov'st best.
 For I'll sing of the mother whose blessing thou'lt be,
 And of hearts that are glad when they think upon
 thee,

And of prayers which are rising that thou may'st
 be blest,

Then hush thee, sweet baby, hush, hush thee to rest.

Weep, weep not, my baby, weep, weep not to-day,
 I'll sing till I charm thy young sorrows away;
 For my song shall be all of those blessings divine,
 Of the home and the hope that, sweet baby, are
 thine,

Of Him who is waiting all bright things to give,
And of One who has died that my baby may live !

There are flowers for thee, sweet one, which never
shall die !

Unfed by a tear, and unfann'd by a sigh ;
There's a heritage promised thee fadeless above,
Whose title is grace, and whose riches are love ;
And a crown of rejoicing to circle thy brow,
Then who'll be so portion'd, my baby, as thou ?

Sleep, sleep then, my infant, sleep softly the while
I'll sing to thee, sweet one ! and watch for thy smile,
For that answering smile, love, which oft as I trace
With its soft light of gladness play over thy face,
I'll hail as a dream, sent thee down from the blest,
And think that my babe's gentle spirit hath rest.

Lullaby

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”—Ps. cxxvii. 2

GENTLY there, my child !

Gently there, my child !

Lay thy little head and rest,
Every grief beguiled,
Where thou oft hast smiled,

Smile on thy mother's breast:
There sleep, nor even dream of care,
Time soon enough will bring thy share ;
Sleep there,
Baby fair !
There on thy mother's breast.

When the chill winds blow,
And my babe may know
What it is to long for rest,

That heart not near

He clings to here,

May he find a Saviour's breast !

That when life's weary journey's o'er,

He may—to wake in sin no more—

Sleep there,

Free from care,

As on his mother's breast.

The Lord's Prayer

"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE xi. 1

THEY drew around Him,—for they oft had felt
Cold hearts, and spirits wand'ring as they knelt ;
Thoughts all too worthless,—words too poor to
prove

Their depth of feeling, and their height of love ;
And ever, labouring vainly to express
Their wants,—their wishes,—and their thankfulness
They drew around Him—from His lips to learn,
(Whose grace could teach, whose love could answer
prayer),

Words to take with them, when their souls return
To mercy's throne, and seek acceptance there.

He spake—His voice the air with gladness stirr'd,

While in their hearts He dropp'd each sacred
word,

Soft as the dews which evening skies distil—

With promised blessings—upon Zion's hill.

Our Father

“ Our Father, which art in heaven ”

“ OUR FATHER,”—covenant and sacred Name,
 Pledge of the dearest privilege we claim,
 The right of children, venturing near Thee,—
 Children, in Christ, of Thine own family :
 Thy truth,—Thy tenderness we turn to prove,
 Like little ones around the parent knee,
 Clinging in helpless confidence and love.
 Yet,—lest the fondness of Thy fav’ring smile
 To too familiar commune should beguile,—
 The recollection that in heav’n Thou art
 Calms the wild fervour of each glowing heart,
 Subdues, but elevates those thoughts divine,
 Whose mystic union awe and hope combine,
 That Thou art mighty, yet that we are Thine.

The Hallowed Name

“Hallowed be Thy Name”

AND shall not then that Name so justly dear,
 Be shrined on earth, and hallow'd as on high ;
 Claiming more tribute than one passing tear,
 Or the mere sickly fragrance of a sigh ?
 With holier deeds, and higher, holier thought,
 Into the soul by God's own Spirit wrought,
 Let us pass on through life,—a sacred band,—
 Like soldiers, bent 'all hardness to endure,
 So we can bear, safe to a better land,
 That Name, and trust,—consign'd to us so pure ;
 Ours be the hope, above all hope supreme,—
 Ours be the day-thought, and the midnight dream,—
 For every hour supplies of grace to claim,
 And prove God's gift by hallowing His Name.

The Kingdom

“Thy kingdom come”

COME, Lord of Glory,—come in pow’r and might,
 Thyself reveal, and set Thy people free,
 Come forth in splendour,—put Thy foes to flight,
 Make trembling nations stoop and bow the knee.
 Thy Kingdom—sigh’d and sought for oft and long,
 The glorious theme of every prophet’s song,—
 Its reign of peace—of sinless peace and love,
 Its heaven below—as beauteous as above,
 Its calm, its quiet,—all its happy days,
 Whose work is love, and whose repose is praise ;—
 “Thy kingdom come”—one universal sway
 Be thine, O Lord, o’er all the sons of men ;—
 Wake every heart in unison to pray
 “Thy kingdom come,” and answer Thou,—“Amen.”

God's Will

“Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven”

WHEN I consider, Lord, Thy perfect will,
 How form'd to make the miserable blest,
 To guide each wish,—each wayward passion still,
 And calm sin's sad disquietudes to rest :
 When I consider, too, Thy perfect love
 That reigns harmonious round Thy peaceful throne,
 Where thoughts, and feelings, all in union move,
 And know no will—no wisdom but Thine own :—
 And when I turn to earth, whence man should raise,
 Feebler it may be, but like notes of praise,
 And discord find,—where every heart should be
 All peace, all love, all perfect harmony ;—
 My soul's first feeling and last prayer are one,
 Lord as in heav'n, in earth “Thy will be done.”

Daily Bread

"Give us this day our daily bread"

WHERE'ER the sun begins his golden reign,
 For ever bringing some fresh dawn of day,
 Bidding night flee, and earth awake again,
 To the calm smile of his perpetual ray ;
 Thence, every moment, may this prayer arise
 From filial hearts, 'neath some new morning's glow,
 Proof of each day's dependence on the skies
 For fresh supplies of all we want below ;
 From every clime, from every shore, Thine ear
 'Midst all Thy children the same voice may hear,
 "Give us this day our daily bread,"—for we
 Must droop, and faint, and perish without Thee ;
 Withdraw Thy grace,—Faith breathes its parting
 sigh,
 Withhold Thy care one moment,—and we die.

Forgiveness

*“ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that
trespass against us ”*

How wisely God hath hedged life's path below
To keep our erring footsteps lest they wander
By what we want to teach us what we owe,—
By what owe we to make affection fonder.
Assured that we must bid farewell to bliss
Were He extreme to mark what's done amiss,
Our souls, provoked by lesser ills, to such
Should yield the pardon we require so much,
Forbearing others every hour we live,
Seeking forgiveness, call'd on to forgive.
Forgiveness,—richest and most precious gem,
Most dearly purchased, in God's diadem;
And in the crowns of Saints, cast down before Him,
The fairest with which His Redeemed adore Him !

Temptation

“ And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ”

SURROUNDED, every scene thro' which we move,
 With snares too fitted to beguile the soul—
 Its warmth to chill, to qualify its love,
 To weaken Faith, and strengthen sin's control :—
 O, in what utter helplessness we need
 Some pow'r to strengthen, and some hand to lead
 Far from temptations which we ill could bear :
 Or, should our wand'ring spirits hapless stray
 Amid a flow'ry, but deceitful way,
 Beneath whose blossoms lies the serpent's lair,
 How should we learn to trust, and breathe the
 prayer,—

Deliver us from all the evil we
 Meet with in life, when journeying to Thee,
 And let Thy truth our shield and buckler be !

Glory

*“ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever ”*

FOR unto Thee all pow'r—all praise belongs,
Thine are united saints' and angels' songs,
Redeemèd spirits,—they who near Thy throne
Stand in Thy light, or at Thy bidding move,
Who know no song—no cause for gladness own
But that one deep exhaustless theme—Thy love :
They, and Thy suffering saints, who wait below,
'Mid sins, temptations, weariness, and woe,—
Swell the same chorus ; every tongue and tribe
To Thee all might—all majesty ascribe ;
Thine is the kingdom—reign in every heart,
Thine is the power—create us as Thou art,
And Thine the glory—at Thy feet shall fall
Ten thousand thousand crowns, and Thou the Lord
of all.

Amen

“ Amen ”

HUSH'D is the solemn voice that woke in prayer ;
 There is a pause,—and then there breathes again
 In stifled accents thro' the listening air,
 Like far off waters murmuring,—“ Amen.”—
 Hearts in its simple utterance are pour'd,
 And God in that one little word adored ;
 And heaven's high courts, (for all that human ear
 Can scarce its whisper, clothed in language, hear,)
 Ring with the voice of hearts, whose feeblest sigh
 Echo to echo answers thro' the sky ;
 Until it find its last response and rest,
 In the calm quiet of Jehovah's breast :
 Whence first it rose,—by His own gift of grace,
 There last it seeks, and finds a resting-place.

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